Pontifex Maximus

MARY RAYMOND SHIPMAN ANDREWS

Author of "The Perfect Tribute"

c.2

PZ
3
.A5684 61308 ENTD
Andrews, Mary R. S., Mrs.
AUTHOR
Po PONTIFEX MAXIMUS
TITLE
DATE DUE | BORROWER'S NAME

VIATORIAN NOVITIATE

61308

BQT
2725
A

Colonna

The Catholic
Theological Union
LIBRARY
Chicago, Ill.

Ewald

BY MARY R. S. ANDREWS

PONTIFEX MAXIMUS

PASSING THE TORCH

JOY IN THE MORNING

THE ETERNAL FEMININE

AUGUST FIRST

THE ETERNAL MASCULINE

THE MILITANTS

BOB AND THE GUIDES

CROSSES OF WAR (Poems)

YELLOW BUTTERFLIES

HIS SOUL GOES MARCHING ON

HER COUNTRY

OLD GLORY

THE COUNSEL ASSIGNED

THE COURAGE OF THE COMMONPLACE

THE LIFTED BANDAGE

THE PERFECT TRIBUTE

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS

VIATORIAN NOVITIATE,

PONTIFEX MAXIMUS

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2025

https://archive.org/details/bwb_C0-CCX-076

Pontifex Maximus

BY

Mary Raymond Shipman Andrews

NEW YORK
Charles Scribner's Sons
1925

Copyright, 1925, by Charles Scribner's Sons

Printed in the United States of America

PONTIFEX MAXIMUS

PONTIFEX MAXIMUS

"The tumult and the shouting dies;
The captains and the kings depart;
Still stands Thine ancient sacrifice,
An humble and a contrite heart."

THE lines were not written in his own language, but he read and spoke half a dozen languages; the thought and rhythm, the incisive rapid fire of the verse sang into him more poignantly from the foreign words. He was alone at last in the hush of the stately room which was from now on his study. His arms in their white sleeves stretched over the huge desk, and his head, the little white skull-cap on thick grizzled black hair, lay between his arms. His ears rang yet with rich music of choirs, of trumpets, with deafening cheers of thousands on thousands of people; before his eyes raced yet rivers of gorgeous color; his head swam with the exhaustion of five hours of marvellous sight and sound. Now he was to have

sixty minutes to adjust himself to this gigantic event which had rushed on him. All of which he had been capable in the thirty minutes so far passed was this throbbing nothingness. The deep waters of glory had gone over him; it seemed he was drowned.

When the red-velvet door had swung shut behind his purple-clad, soft-footed secretary he had plunged to the chair at the table and had fallen forward, and there had stayed. Certainly his brain had been working, working in tidal waves of memories, of agonized resolves, of prayer. Through all, all the time, had pulsed like a close-by, rapid-fire gun, punctuating vague thunders, the lines of an English poem. The lines had repeated themselves over and over. Over and over.

"Still stands Thine ancient sacrifice,
An humble and a contrite heart."

God knew that he had carried that sort of heart beneath his calm princeliness on this his day of days. Passionately, out of the in-

tensity of his Latin, bred-in-the-bone, age-old fervor, he had prayed. While they lifted him to the Sedia Gestatoria, "the chair of command," while the twelve Sediari, gorgeous in their red brocade, carried him on their shoulders high in air, preceded and surrounded by the rainbow brilliancy of the Swiss guards, by the noble guards in their gorgeous uniforms, by the apostolic couriers in glowing velvet, by chamberlains in Spanish dress and commandants of the guards and bishops and archbishops and cardinals in scarlet robes—while this incredible splendor—of which he himself, sitting high in his new white robes with the Fisherman's ring on his hand, was the centre—had passed between kneeling thousands down vast dim spaces—he had prayed with his heart so, humble and contrite. Body and soul had fused into prayer. For strength, grace, courage—for what exactly had he prayed? It was simply all of his personality, all of his power reaching up to Almighty power. As he sat there now alone,

stretched on his desk motionless, after the five-hour ceremony, he was trembling with the violence of his prayer.

The long, magnificent drama of the coronation pricked out disjointed spots in his memory. Without conscious connection he started again, as he had started when he first heard the historic silver trumpets far up in the dome of Saint Peter's dripping music through the enormous church; he remembered suddenly the bearded Patriarch of Syria who spoke to him in Chaldean, in the language which Christ spoke to his disciples; he remembered, in the special litany, the ordered thunder of sixty thousand voices which made response after the name of each saint:

"*Tu illum adjura.*"

"Thou help him." Him! That was himself—him. They were praying God, those kneeling many thousands, to help—him! Just there the rapid-fire gun in his brain shot out its round again:

"—Thine ancient sacrifice,
An humble and a contrite heart."

The new Pope lifted his head, which had lain so still for thirty minutes, and stared about. His face was reddened with tears; his black eyes were blurred. From under the little white skull-cap a thick lock of gray-black hair had fallen loose and straggled on his forehead boyishly. If there had been any one there to see him in this hour when he was utterly himself, such a person would have thought first, maybe, not of his intellect or dignity or spiritual power, but only, with a stab of human sympathy likely, of how human he was. The tall, lithe, muscular body, the lined, keen face of a man of nearly sixty, the face of a great priest, bishop, cardinal, pontiff, seemed to express at this moment the soul of a boy. It was a child who had been given a task beyond him, and who was frightened and clinging for help to his father. What were those resonant Latin words which he himself had spoken, somewhere during that tremendous five hours?

"Our help is in the name of the Lord, who has made heaven and earth."

The Pope lifted his head higher, straightened his body in the chair, and spoke those words aloud:

"*Adjutorium nostrum in nomine Domini, Qui fecit coelum et terram.*"

Indeed his hope for help was in that name —where else might he look for it? The sound of the words spoken steadied him.

"*Sit nomen Domini benedictum,*" he added, and his voice was full and edgeless, as cultivated Italian voices are, but yet with a pleasant roughness quite individual. It gave out charm and manliness, that musical roughness.

"*Sit nomen Domini benedictum*"—"May the name of the Lord be blessed."

It seemed to help him to courage to say the words, for he said them twice aloud. His long, lean, strong hand lay on the table; on it the Fisherman's ring. The dark eyes fell on the golden disk and a curious half-shy smile lit the face mistily. He lifted the hand wearing the ring, carefully, with his other hand, reverently, as if honoring even that which

carried such a symbol. Holding it he bent his head and gazed curiously. In a low voice he spoke again:

"Pontifex Maximus," he spoke. "It is I—Pontifex Maximus." Then, musingly, his name, his own old name: "Giovanni Colonna."

Great as the name was it was drowned now in the blinding greatness of his title. Yet some prince of the house of Colonna had carried the name in every generation for a thousand years.

"Pontifex Maximus," he said and then, "Giovanni Colonna."

As if he were trying to fasten the two things together in his mind, the office and the man. With that his thoughts were suddenly back in the days when he had first known his name; the little fellow, brown-legged, clad in scanty white trousers of a surprising shortness, in a small linen coat with sleeves cut short on his brown arms. They had been long and leggy from the first, both of them,

Giovanni and Andrea-Carlo. Not even Margherita could tell them apart in those days. Andrea-Carlo, five minutes older, was the heir. He would stand on the sand sometimes in the copper sunshine and shout: "I am the heir. I shall be head of the house. You're only a younger brother, Nino." But it was all a joke to Andrea-Carlo, to both. Giovanni would rush at him bare-footed, bare-legged, clad only in his six-inch swimming-breeches, and butt him violently in the stomach with his round black head, and over they both would go, rolling and pitching, a tangle of sunburned legs and arms. And Giovanni would roar out: "All the same I'm going to be greater than you. I'll be a king or a big general or maybe a pope." And Andrea would shout derisive laughter and down they would go again in the sand. Or maybe into the water. How they had loved swimming! Every muscle in the young bodies had been steel from daily hours in blue, caressing waters.

The summer months year after year when the twin boys had been sent down to their foster-mother Margherita, when they had lived with her sons, as her sons, in the low, long, pink stone house! The mornings when they had gone out at daybreak in the boat with the pointed lateen sail, fishing, with Luigi, Margherita's husband, with little Luigi and Giuseppi and Francesco! How he remembered the coolness before the hot day, and the sky going rosy above the endless soft waves of the bay—"*sempre tranquilla*," "always tranquil." And the twinkling sails far off in coveys, like large white birds drifting. And the old, old gray castles on islands as the boat flew past. Capri, beautiful Capri, looming in hot mist across the mouth of the bay like a high-cliffed fairyland.

It had been Giovanni Colonna who had seen all that, who had lived as a fisherman's child summer after summer by the bay, on the bay. Andrea-Carlo, being the heir, had not been allowed to go with him after they

were ten, or not often. They were more careful of his training; he had to learn things not important for a mere younger son. But Giovanni had come to be such a sailor of a boat that all the old fishermen, shaking grizzled heads knowingly, had agreed that no one of themselves, no one of their sons, could handle sails as the young Prince could handle them. He had been one of the fisherfolk; they had forgotten that he was a young prince; "Nino" they called him, all the fishermen about that part of the shore, and Luigi and Francesco and Giuseppi—and of course his dear Margherita, who loved him better—she said it frankly—than her own boys. He remembered the boat's home-coming of a night across from Capri, it might be, and down by Sorrento, in a long, crimson sunset path, drawing into shore, perhaps, in violet light, with the creamy, vague ridges of the Apennines smudging into a silver sky far off, and Vesuvius smoking, smoking two or three or four miles away, menacing, familiar,

thrilling. Margherita calling down to him from the cottage door by the wall, holding the goat, calling:

"Is my boy Nino there? My bad boy Nino —send him up to me. There's a letter for Nino."

He remembered how he had called back: "I'm coming, my mother, but I don't want the letter."

He was afraid of letters. Mostly letters said that he was to meet his tutor in three days and travel to Paris to join his father. He would rather stay here and be a fisherman's son. It was more amusing to sail out at dawn, out and out into the Mediterranean and perhaps be gone for two or three nights, perhaps land in Sardinia and go up into the wild mountains, ride the queer little Sardinian donkeys; there were such unexpected, joyful things to be done and seen from a fisherman's boat with a lateen sail on the Mediterranean! But Paris—Paris was civilized. One wore dinner-clothes and went to the opera and met

dull, important people, and never did one swim or sail a boat, never was one free in great spaces. Andrea-Carlo would be there; that of course was a joy; but Andrea was very urban by now. He liked cities and operas. Queer, when there was the bay of Naples; magic sunset lights on old towers; flocks of white-winged boats sailing to harbor at twilight!

"Ah!" The new Pope spoke fiercely; his long hands tossed out. Never again! It would all be there, the unearthly loveliness, the care-free life, the peace and fragrance and silences, but never again would he know these things. Under the white, buttoned-up flannel waistcoat a twisting homesickness clutched at the man's heart. The prisoner of the Vatican! It was he—Giovanni Colonna. He who had lived on the Posilipo shore and gazed down liquid distances and gone to sleep nights to the slapping of waves on rocks; he who had sailed out on the sea and stopped at strange ports and gone heaven knew where

and stayed till he wanted to come home—a sailor, free, irresponsible, light-hearted. No care; joy, all the time. Clean joy in wide horizons, in colors of gardens and sunsets, in his own skill and craft instinct, in big waters. Above all, joy in freedom. Behold this unhampered creature caged for life! The Vatican gardens were large gardens; one might go five or six miles; there were carriages; one could drive that distance; if one had the time one could walk. Five or six miles—compared to the Mediterranean!

"Ah!"

The new Pope tore at the decorous fastenings about his neck. He would choke—*he would choke!* Could it be endured? Why, he had never given up sailing! Only last year he had gone down to Vedetta, to the cottage, and had lived four wonderful days with Francesco and Luigi afloat. They were all alive still except the padre; little Luigi, now fifty-nine, and Francesco and Giuseppi; even dear old Margherita, well over eighty but tough

as a dried fig. They were all living there in the pink cottage, or near by, on the bay, "*sempre tranquilla.*"

Except little Luigi, who was the Pope's valet. He had been also the cardinal's valet, and the bishop's; these last ten years he had valeted his old playmate, and very odd remarks might have been heard from a valet to a great prelate, if Luigi had not been careful that they should never be heard; in public Luigi was respect itself. But, only a day before, the new Pontiff had said, as his scarlet slippers were going on his venerated feet:

"Little Luigi, it is important that no one should hear you call the Pope 'Nino.'"

And Luigi had glanced up, stolid, business-like. "Mother of God, no, Holy Father," answered Luigi. "Do not double up your toes, Nino. It is impossible, so, to get these on." Luigi the valet might go down, twice a year or more, to Vedetta, and out over the dancing water, and smell the odors of gardens as he sailed alongshore, mixed with the sharp

salt smell, and the queer, horrid, dear smell of drying nets, of fish on decks. Luigi, not he. Never again. *Never!* The hideous, incredible word! There is a mental disease called "claustrophobia"; people go insane with it sometimes—the horror of being shut up. Was he going to? Or was he going to be able to fight out this craving for a boat and the sea, this panic for freedom? Was he? Was he going to be the first prisoner of the Vatican to make a horrible scandal? Was he going to break loose at whatever cost, as a man would break loose from the Black Hole of Calcutta? For breath—for mere air to breathe. He hadn't dreamed what it would mean to be shut up, caged. There were queer sounds in the Pope's throat; he tugged again at his collar; his face was dark red; he stood up and turned this way and that and stared about, like something hunted. Oh, why, on that morning in the Sistine Chapel when the three cardinals had come to him at the end of the conclave, when his election was clear,

when the first cardinal in rank had asked him in rolling Latin:

"*Acceptasne electionem tuam in summum Pontificem?*"

Why hadn't he said then that he couldn't accept it? He had bowed his head and answered: "Since it is the will of God I must obey."

Was it the will of God? He didn't want to be Pope. He knew that. But must there not have been some impulse of pride in this transcendent honor which had made him accept? Was it really *all* because it was "the will of God"? The Pope stood up, his clenched hands held before him, his tall body shaking as if in a chill, and searched his soul. If he had accepted the mighty gift from pride, how swift and terrible was the punishment! The weight of all the millions of souls which he was to guide seemed pushing on his shoulders, strangling him. And—and——

He dropped into his chair. A sob broke. After all, he was a man; he had given up

much, oh, so much, which made a man's life sweet, but he had always had God's out-of-doors. And it was gone. Gone. Only those who depend on the open know what it means to lose the open. Gone. The black, gray-sprinkled head fell forward again between white sleeves. Triumph had turned to ashes. Physical exhaustion, tremendous spiritual strain, had opened a path in a human being for a human, overwhelming emotion. And with that, slowly, irresistibly, out of the ocean of help and strength which lies under and about us all, and which we blind ones know so little how to use, marched a memory—the memory of the solemn, enormous beat of thousands of voices as one, in prayer. For him.

"Thou help him."

"*Tu illum adjura*" over and over—"Thou help him." To the storm-tossed man, alone in his greatness, it was as if all those faithful arms lifted him toward the Everlasting Mercy.

"*Adjutorium nostrum in nomine Domini,*

Qui fecit coelum et terram." He said it aloud again, and though the vibrating voice, with its curious, unconscious charm of personality, shook, yet it steadied. Help was coming. Life was not to be happiness to him, but it was to be a very high duty. There lay the master-word, just where it has lain for many humble souls. Self-forgetfulness. The simplest Christian may thrust self beyond his horizon, discovering in mere giving the joy of life—and life without joy is a stagnant pool. So may also a pope. Plainly, as big things come, sweet and amazing as any miracle, the simple revelation came to him. When the cardinal-secretary in his billowing purple opened gently, at the end of the hour, the red-velvet door, he found the new Pope with a light on his face which startled him, for it seemed as if he had found a new saint.

. . . . . .

Months unrolled and rolled up again on the thickening reel of the past. The Pope had taken his huge work, people said, with

the buoyancy of a youth. The out-of-doors life, people said, which had been so large a part of his career had indeed kept youth still in him, with its plus energy. A student he had been, as a great churchman must be, but more than all he had been a man of action. From the early two years in the army before his vocation called he had kept a soldier's crisp simplicity of outlook. It had been he, often, who had decided, as bishop and as cardinal, important questions in important councils. He had a trick of mind, simple, inimitable, of sorting out in the fewest possible words the pros from the cons; of then laying the pros on one side and the cons on another in almost visible heaps; of weighing one against the other like heaps of sugar in tin scales. The practically physical evidence of the result was a thing hard to dispute. With such straightforward clear-headedness, and with the finesse of his inheritance, he kept his desk cleared of the questions ecclesiastical and political which covered it each

morning, and never one being except his twin brother, not even Luigi, who felt his moods as a dog his master's, suspected for a moment the gulf which had yawned before his first steps in the Papal road, or the storm of irresolution which had tossed the resolute Pope like a leaf.

His routine was orderly and severe. Little Luigi, entering his room at five-thirty, found the Pope up. There was mass after six daily for an hour. Then breakfast—toast and coffee and honey. Then an hour's walk in the Vatican gardens, and for the rest of the morning work in his private apartments—first, the voluminous correspondence; then, reports from different congregations. This cleared away, the papal Secretary of State was announced and with him the Pope went over foreign questions. After this, audiences. Often it seemed to the hard-working man that all people were merely people, all cast in a mould. But oftener a face, a voice, a personality stood out as a shock of pleasure, like a friend

unknown lifted for a second on a wave of the river of humanity and turning a smile of wistful friendliness toward him. And gone. He might not often make new friends; he was too great. Moreover, when he held audiences there were perhaps sixty, perhaps two hundred people in the huge rooms, and the Pope passed down a line, holding out his hand to be kissed, stopping here and there for a word, for he longed to give a personal memory, to be taken away—perhaps treasured. Yet it was all the brush of a wing in flight—the rows of upturned faces, the tall figure in its white dress, moving along the line with a slightly rolling step as of one who walks decks, an allure never lost.

Sometimes there were small audiences, mostly of distinguished persons; once in a while of only one or two. On a day in July two Americans were due, a well-known statesman and his young son. Not Catholics, they had brought letters from two or three American Catholics of the United States, and were

to be received alone. That night the boy wrote to his mother in America.

"Mother, my dear," the boy wrote, "This Italy! Oh, gee! The most wonderful day yet. We had our audience with the Pope. You'll want details, so I'll give you some. It certainly was a big day.

"First, father nearly had us in the soup by thinking he could read Italian, instead of leaning on me, the source of all knowledge. The card came Friday night and he announced that the audience was Sunday. I trust him in spots about easy things, which is careless of me, so I took his word for the day. We planned to go out to Tivoli Saturday; then Judge Glen mentioned in the morning about ten, as we were due to start, that the Pope was receiving at twelve and he was going. I got a hunch to check up father. I said:

"'Might I see that card, Dad?'

"He handed it out with the cock-sure air he has when he's darned uncertain, and I

looked at it and whooped. 'Sabato.' It said '*Sabato*.' Holy mackerel, do you see? 'Sabato' is wop for *Saturday*. Our date with the Pontiff was that minute, that is to say, in an hour. Half an hour earlier than Judge Glen's, which we didn't understand, but we didn't have to. Ours not to reason why, ours to get dolled up and light out for the Vatican. We did. I'm telling you that your spouse looked an awful donkey in full dress, tails and white tie, in the middle of the morning. So did I, even with my dignity. And off we pelted in a taxi, lickety-split down the narrow streets, from side to side as grace was given to the chauffeur to take a chance. They don't have traffic rules in Rome; or if they do they're hash by now.

"We stopped at a shop on the corner of Saint Peter's Square and bought rosaries to take home to the faithful, for whatever you have about you when you go into the Papal presence blesses itself automatically. I don't suppose you know that, poor child. We went

up steps and through bronze gates and into a long, long loggia, corridor, where a Swiss guard in his rainbow glad rags is always pacing back and forth, carrying a halberd. A *halberd!* Picture it, you uneducated person who think well of yourself because you've lived in France—picture it! You never was to Italy, and you might as well be born blind. That Swiss guard was picked out of the sixteenth century. Michael Angelo diagnosed his clothes, and since then he has used no other. He's too good to be true, but it seemed to me he looked sheepish. Wouldn't you, if you had to march up and down in a jumper and pants made of two-inch stripes of yellow and purple, with scarlet slashes? And Tam O'Shanter and socks of the same? Carrying a halberd? Would you feel quiet and respectable in that slip-cover?

"We showed the sunbeam our card and he showed us a doorway in retort, but we stopped to look up the pretty wonderful long corridor of Bernini with marble steps far

away—Scala Regia—climbing to a blaze of stained-glass window at the end. It was lovely, mother. We went through arched doors and across a courtyard—the Cortile San Damaso—and up, up, *up* stairways, and on every landing we had an altercation in three languages with a Swiss guard, me doing the Italian, because all father can say is: 'How much is this vermuth?' Then we got more stairs. And then more—stairs. And after that—*stairs*. I hope the Pope has an elevator. The stairs are dressy; about fifteen feet wide and white marble. Very grand, but rather rubbed in; I could have done with four flights less. But it was great for father's lines; I know he lost pounds.

"And then, behold, we were in the middle of the most glorious gang I ever hit. There were humans covered with the same wall-paper as the walls, red-satin brocade—coats and knee-breeches and all. I think a special make of flunky; I'm not sure. There were brilliant uniforms, the noble guards maybe,

all dukes and princes. The rooms were huge, and trimmed with gold carving and red brocade, and marble doorways. We shoved our card at anybody who took an interest, and they passed us along till, after five or six or seven rooms, we brought up at a rather small one with a gilded throne at one end. Glorified stools of gilt wood and red brocade were around the walls. There they planted us and we stayed there alone with the temperature.

"Gee, it was hot! Once in a while something brilliant that I am guessing was a chamberlain—anyhow he looked chamberlainish—walked in and blinked. It was pudgy and it wore a pointed beard and knee-breeches of a beautiful color and a coat of another beautiful color. I can't seem to remember the colors, but there was a tendency to gold-lace mayonnaise on black-velvet salad. A door opposite where we came in swung open sometimes. It was solid red velvet and set into a casing of white marble, the nicest door

I ever saw. And when it opened I saw that about four feet beyond was another exactly like it; the wall into that next room must have been four feet thick. And now and then that door swung open without a sound into the room where we sat and through it slipped a tall grayhound of a man in robes of glory made out of purple, and he padded across, noiseless. This vision passed several times and threw us a glance as we cooked.

"At last the red-velvet door swung again silently and I could see that the door beyond was open too, and there stood the purple archangel—he was a cardinal, and the Pope's secretary.

"He said: 'The Holy Father will receive you.' So we got to the door and at the last second the violet vision made a rush.

"'Do you speak French?' he asked.

"And father said yes, which was stretching a point, wasn't it? And then we were in the presence of Pope Hilary II.

"It was all so corking. His Holiness came

out from behind his big table a few steps, just as any ordinary gentleman might in his own study. He was everything that could be got into the specifications, chockful of dignity, a perfect picture of a great churchman, a tall, lean, powerful guy, with broad shoulders. He moved like a man who knew where to find his muscles. He was in white, with a sparkling cross on his chest and a great green stone of a ring on his right hand. Not the 'Fisherman's Ring'—that isn't worn often, they say. He shook hands with us both instead of letting us kiss his ring, and asked us to sit down. Mother, he's as human as anybody and besides that he has the trick you call charm. He gave us a wonderful time, and we were in that big room about twenty minutes, which they say is an unheard-of long audience. I must tell you how we got together on sailing. After he'd talked to father about statecraft and such for a while he turned to me and asked what I had enjoyed most in Italy.

"I said promptly: 'Sailing on the Bay of Naples, Your Holiness.'

"And then I thought I'd made a break, for I give you my word he jumped. A lot of color came into his face, which was pasty—lack of exercise.

"But in a second he smiled—he has a bully smile—and he said: 'Tell me about your sailing. I've done that.'

"You know I'm some little talker, mother, when I like a thing. And I've never liked anything as much as that week father and I put in at the Cocummella Hotel in Sorrento, sailing every minute. So I told His Holiness first that I'd rather sail a boat than eat, and then everything I could think of. As thick as I could talk, till father called a halt. And then the Pope turned and looked at him and said: 'You don't understand what it means to hear your son talk. I was a boy on Naples Bay.'

"So father just about shut up. When we went out the Pope lifted his hand toward me

and—you won't believe it, mother—but I flopped on my knees as naturally as a tame saint. I don't know what hit me, but down I went. And he blessed me. And I went drifting away with his blessing on me in a sort of daze. He's one great man, mother dear, and a good one too, I'm betting. He seems like 'His Holiness.' There's something marvellous about him, even if I do belong to the other lodge."

What more there was in the boy's letter does not concern this narrative.

When the father and son had gone Hilary II stood for a moment rooted in the spot where he had lifted his hand and blessed the young life so curiously different from his life yet touching his with one tremendous, common interest. This lad had sailed the Bay of Naples; his face just now had glowed with the memory.

With that the Pope must go through with an audience of sixty waiting in the rooms beyond. Those who saw him every day were

surprised by something new in his bearing. There was a suppressed excitement about him, one would say if he were an ordinary person.

"I wonder if His Holiness is quite well," an official asked another once or twice.

The large audience was over at twelve-thirty and then was due a rare pleasure, Prince Colonna was to be received, Andrea-Carlo, his brother. When the Prince was ushered into the room the Pope was marching restlessly around it. He wheeled and came toward Colonna with his face alight. "Andrea!" Hands gripped, and the Prince, the head now of his house, scrutinized the Pope's face and his eyes slowly narrowed. The brothers had not met for months.

"Something wrong, Giovanni?"

The Pope heaved a sigh of relief. "Andrea! What a thing it is to be a twin brother! We are so different, yet you understand at a glance."

"It's so, is it? I always said I should have

been the Pope. I could pad the cage where you fling yourself against the bars. Can you tell me?"

"Ah, Andrea!" The Pope pointed to a chair and flung himself into another very close. "There's just one earthly person whom I can tell, and it's you. It's this: Andrea—if I go mad?"

Colonna smiled lazily, his keen eyes of a man of the world on the intense, twisting face of his brother. "It must be prevented, Giovannino. It would not be for the good of the church." He regarded the other, his eyes a line of dark brilliance.

"Prevented!" The Pope tossed out long hands. "How? With all my mind I believe that my confinement in the Vatican is necessary—now. If I should accept the Law of Guarantees for instance, and so acknowledge the power of the Italian Government over the Papacy, if I should be the first Pontiff since 1870 to leave this prison——"

"Well, what?"

"Andrea," the Pope spoke sternly, "you know as well as I do that the temporal independence of the Holy See is necessary for the free exercise of its spiritual supremacy."

Colonna reflected. "As well as you do. Yes, Nino, I know it as well as you do." He smiled a little.

The Pope's dark eyes widened indignantly. "Andrea!" With that he also smiled. "I'm not going to argue with you, Andrea."

"No." Colonna shook his head. "We're too close for argument." And exactly what he meant most people could not have told. He went on. "I realize as you do that to keep yourself the prisoner of the Vatican, for the present at least, is advisable. That's what you want me to say?"

"More or less." The Pope smiled. "Andrea, we're as far apart as east and west, yet—how close we are!"

"Yes, Nino *mio*. Tell me, however, why you were beating your head against your bars when I came in. I might help."

The Pope leaned forward and laid a hand on his brother's knee, and the keen, narrowed eyes which regarded the hand saw that it shook, lying there. "Andrea, I'm afraid—I'm quite literally afraid I may lose my mind."

Colonna still looked at the hand.

"Because, Andrea, the longing for the water, for a boat, for freedom, is on me again. You know I had a bad hour just after the coronation—I told you. You remember?" Colonna nodded. "Andrea, there were two Americans here just now. They'd been sailing on the Bay of Naples. The boy—a lovely boy, sweet and blond and fresh as a young angel—told me about it. It all rushed out like a spring of joy; that boy loved it as I do, Andrea. He brought back that hour which I fought down and chained at the beginning. Now—I can't fight it down. I can't. I'm not as strong. I'm worn. The longing has been growing under the chains. Andrea, if I can't get back to the Bay of Naples, to a boat, for—a few days—I believe—I shall—go

mad." The long, lean body was shaking under the white robes. "And I can't. So—I shall go mad." The voice died to a whisper. The arms flew out and suddenly a queer laugh broke, an unbalanced laugh which went on and on, half laugh, half moan.

Colonna, leaning forward, took the quivering two hands and held them together like a vise. "Nino! Be quiet. I'm going to take care of you. I'm going to—to arrange it." A twist of light caught the Prince's face, and he drew a quick breath. "I see how. It's possible. It's simple. You've gone beyond your power, Nino. I'm going to save you. Look!" He bent forward toward his brother and spoke something in a low tone.

The Pope's face was horrified. "Andrea! No." For half an hour the brothers talked, Prince Colonna arguing, pleading. Then, as if yielding, the Pope spoke: "Andrea, I'm afraid it's too dangerous."

"No. No danger at all. Take me into your bedroom."

The Pope rose slowly, and stopped. "Little Luigi—" he objected.

"He'll know." Colonna conceded that. "But he's the only one. It's better that he should know. He'll help us. It's really simple. Only the services—I can't——"

The Pope started. "I can't do it, Andrea. Sacrilege!"

"Most certainly not. I am also a Catholic, *mio fratello.*" Colonna smiled at him. "But the Pope is ill—confined to his room, eh? For a week maybe—I'm doing a big thing for you, my Nino! In that case the Pope is unable to say mass. What about the doctor?"

"A young man, new, a stranger," the Pope said. "In awe of the Holy Father."

"He won't take temperature, blood-pressure—all the jargon? I'm rather fit, you know."

The Pope laughed. "If you knew how he stands in awe! If I—if the Pope should be tired, exhausted, anxious to rest—to be let alone——"

"It would answer?"

"Perfectly. The little doctor would not presume."

"And the secretary?"

"Ah, there you'll have to be clever, Andrea. But you can be too ill to see him, mostly."

"And when I do see him——?"

"Be yourself. He considers me a problem. It will be another angle of his problem."

"Giovanni, I'm no fool. I'm capable of statecraft."

The Pope lifted a deprecating hand. "But please—oh, please! Let it alone, my Andrea. It's the Pope's statecraft. Do as little as possible. There's no crisis—well, not for me as yet. And the Pope will be ill in bed."

Colonna groaned. "A week! How I shall be bored! How much I must love you, Nino!"

The personal chambers of Hilary II were on the third floor of the Palace of Sixtus V, a part of the huge Vatican. In the corner was the bedroom looking out on the Capitol piazza, the great square of Saint Peter. At

a large window Prince Colonna stood while the Supreme Pontiff spoke rapidly to little Luigi. As usual Luigi was a surprise. He listened with lowered, reverent eyes while his distinguished foster-brother set forth the affair. Then he lifted his square grizzled head of a peasant, and eyed that foster-brother man to man.

"*Ecco*, Nino," he stated, "it's the only way for the church. I've watched you—I, Luigi—and I know that the string must be loosed or we'll have a crazy Holy Father. Have no fear. I and Andrea-Carlo will look after Christendom."

Fifteen minutes later Prince Colonna, dressed immaculately as a modern Roman gentleman is dressed of a morning, stepped out from the Pope's study and passed through the great antechambers where guards still lingered, where guards, as he passed on, murmured words to each other of his amazing likeness to the Holy Father. Down to his waiting car.

. . . . . .

Vesuvius was smoking. Against the dark velvet of the Italian night a grayish vapor lifted, shifted, like a full-blown dim flower streaked here and there, and now and then, with a petal, a touch of flame. The great Fiat car, which had made such a run from Rome as Prince Colonna's chauffeur had never before registered, drew into Naples, and metallic bells from churches all over were clanging nine o'clock.

"*Le campane suonano ogni mezz'ora,*" murmured the Prince in his car.

The car climbed the winding hill till it stood before the funicular which shoots up perhaps three hundred feet to the hotel Bertolini. Domenico, holding the door for the Prince to descend, touched his cap. "What time will Your Excellency want me in the morning?" asked Domenico hopefully. Ten o'clock, he was guessing. It had been a hard drive, doing fifty and sometimes sixty *miglia* around the curves on all the country roads. Never had he known the Prince to urge him so to speed. Domenico

looked forward to a late sleep in the morning.

"I will want you at four," answered the Prince, and Domenico stared, exaggerating the stare maybe. "I'm sorry, Domenico. We're going on to Vedetta at four o'clock. The roads will be empty; we'll be there in an hour. Then you'll bring the car back to Naples and put it in safety and go about your affairs. Take a vacation, do what you choose for a week. At the end of the week be at Vedetta at"—the Prince considered. "Yes, at eight o'clock Thursday night, July the twenty-seventh. Eight o'clock Thursday night, July twenty-seventh," he repeated incisively, "prepared," he went on, "for a fast all-night drive. Plenty of petrol, the Fiat in perfect condition. We shall be returning to Rome."

Domenico was all loyalty; his fathers had served the Prince's for generations. But also his immediate father and this Prince had climbed olive-trees together; and he did not

like all-night drives. "Signor Principe, you would do better in bed," stated Domenico. "I can get you to Rome next day by daylight in good time." He braced himself for a sharp rebuke; mostly when he presumed the Prince took his head off. And afterward took his advice. He was unprepared for the long, gentle, decisive look which enveloped him.

"No, Domenico," the Prince spoke. "It must be the other way. We'll reach Rome for an audience at the Vatican at eleven Friday. I am—I am—" The Prince stumbled a bit. "On the Holy Father's affairs," he finished.

On the terrace of the hotel, on the wide, beautiful terrazza which hangs half-way up the mountain above the bay and the city, Prince Colonna went to a table at the extreme edge. He stood by the railing after his order for food was given, gazing out at the starry half-circle of lights where the steep city lay below. It piled, the light-circle, in the centre, it stretched out and out in dancing

points which thinned and died away down the shore, beyond the base of the volcano. And then, like a bit dropped out of the milky way, it revived faintly where Sorrento lay on its cliffs. And see, out in the centre a powdery glow, all but invisible, coming and going —Capri! At his right was Posilipo, at his left rose Vesuvius menacing, ruthless, familiar, dear, a long line of electric lamps up that steep slope marking the tramway. A gray rose of smoke at the top was licked now and then with a delicate suggestion of the fires of hell. Vesuvius, Naples, Capri, the bay, the night breeze touching his cheek. Prince Colonna—so to speak—drew in a breath of delight; the terrace beneath him rocked in his joy; he gripped the rail. "Only yesterday I had no hope," he spoke aloud, "ever to see this again. And I am here—I am here."

The Prince Colonna; Ercole, the head waiter, knew him well; he knew even the tan spats he wore, also the large black-pearl pin in his cravat; Ercole remembered that pearl

very well, for His Excellency wore it often. But it was an odd thing which the Prince had just said, thought Ercole standing, respectful, behind him, waiting to inquire about His Excellency's wine; it was odd because the Prince was accustomed to pass through Naples several times a year, going to and from his estates. Why shouldn't he hope to see the view from the hotel terrace? Holy saints, why not? However—Ercole shrugged his shoulders. Great gentlemen had their own affairs; who knows but the Signor Prince might have been in an automobile accident or have had a close shave on a railway; none of his, Ercole's, business.

"Signor Principe, will it be Lachrymæ Christi to-night, or Falerno? It was a pint of red Falerno you preferred last time." And the Signor Prince turned gently, with a smile, and ordered his wine.

It was cool yet at five o'clock next morning on the outskirts of Vedetta when old Margherita, having already made breakfast—

of good gluey bread and honey, and fish fried in olive-oil, and white wine from their own vineyard—for her Francesco, stood holding the goat, at the door of the pink-washed stone cottage. Down the shore she could see her Giuseppi and his two oldest boys pushing out the boat from the beach, and the toddling grandson of Giuseppi making his way importantly down the sand after them. Old Margherita laughed; that toddling scrap was an amusing and remarkable child; why, only yesterday— Now, what was that? The purr of an automobile was unexpected on this road so early.

"Francesco!" called Margherita. "Come! Come back! There is a grand car stopping by our gate."

So it was that a few minutes later, as the grand car, with a preliminary roar, purred away again down the white road, Francesco came around the corner of the pink house smiling broadly, with a tall gentleman following.

"Look, mother! *Ecco!* Here's the Prince—Andrea-Carlo! Come to visit us."

And Margherita, startled, moved forward a step, stiffly, for she had passed eighty, and stared at the Prince. "Signor Prince!" she spoke, "you're welcome as roses, Andrea, my dear—*caro mio.* How—how happy you look—Andrea—" Her voice trailed on the name; she took another stiff step toward him; she shaded her eyes with her old, wrinkled, strong hand. The cord that held the goat fell loose and the goat, jerking his inane, mechanical-toy neck, bounced once on his mechanical-toy rigid legs, and came to attention with an artificial bleat. Suddenly Margherita cried out and fell on her knees before Prince Colonna, her head bent, whispering ends of sentences.

"Mother of God! What is this—the *Padrone!* The Holy Father!"

"But my mother," Francesco laughed. "Don't be foolish, my little mother; it is not Nino, the Holy Father. Of what are you dreaming? *That* couldn't be, you know. It's

the Prince, mother—Andrea-Carlo." Francesco turned, laughing more, to explain to the Prince. "You two are still as like as two walnuts," he said. He caught a look from the Prince's eyes and faltered. "As like as two young kids of a week old," Francesco insisted.

Margherita, on her knees, stretched up arms. "You're like enough—but old Margherita knows, *carissimo*, my dearest. All the saints forgive me—how do I dare so to speak to Your Holiness? But shouldn't I know Nino—my own boy? Ah—forgive the old woman." Between reverence and excitement and affection Margherita was hysterical.

"My mother," argued Francesco, "be reasonable. How could it be Nino? You know he can't leave his palace, poor creature. This is merely the Prince—our Andrea-Carlo. Consider, my mother."

The Prince turned; dark eyes fell on Francesco, and Francesco, with an odd jump in

his stomach, dropped back muttering: "As like as two day-old pigs——"

The Prince stooped then and lifted Margherita. "My mother, my daughter," spoke the supposed Prince Colonna, "you have the vision of love. You see rightly. It's I, Giovanni."

Francesco climbed down hurriedly to his knees by the pink wall, his hat on the ground; the goat pranced off to the field, unnoticed for all his shrill bleat of freedom. It took minutes to reassure Francesco, who, convinced, appeared permanently planted in a kneeling position against the mottled rose-color of the cottage. But at last the two peasants stood, heads bent humbly, before their visitor, and listened to what explanations were necessary.

"Margherita, remember." The Supreme Pontiff, in the semblance of a fashionable gentleman, held up a finger. "I'm to be Nino. Only Nino. You're not even to think of me during this next week as anything else. If you

do, others will learn what no others must know. You and Francesco hold my secret. My safety lies in your behaving as if I were what I shall seem, a fisherman like Francesco. A fisherman—yes. Nothing more fitting." The visionary eyes gazed away for a moment over miles of sparkling water, as perhaps the first Bishop of Rome, the fisherman named Peter, that "man of little faith," had gazed across the lake on which he tried to walk one day, the lake of Galilee. "Francesco, get me clothes to sail a boat in. I'm going to mend sails this morning. Also, handling fish is dirty work. I want old clothes."

Francesco's boat lay idle at its dock when Giuseppi and his boys sailed past a few minutes later.

"My uncle is late this morning," said young Luigi, the son of twenty-one, not to be confused with little Luigi, the great man of the family in Rome. "And who is the person with my uncle coming down to the boat?" Giuseppi shaded his eyes against the glitter

and considered the person with Francesco, a tall, lean, powerful man, dressed like themselves in fisherman's clothes. "I don't know that person," decided Giuseppi. "It must be a fellow come out for work from Napoli. Francesco gets places for fellows on the great yachts."

Francesco had done just that. "Holy Father," he had begun and had been interrupted by a warning finger.

"Must one give you orders, Francesco? Listen then: It is orders, my orders, that you do not call me that again till you have express permission. Nino it is. Only Nino, even when you speak of me, even when we are alone with the madre, or in the middle of the bay." It was spoken by one accustomed to be obeyed.

"Yes, yes, Holy—Nino," gasped Francesco. "*Si, si,* Nino."

"Tell me what was in your mind," commanded Nino. And Francesco, stammering, elucidated that, as the Holy Nino wished to

work as a sailor, there was a chance— Francesco dropped into silence with his mouth open and his eyes batting fearfully.

The new sailor laughed. Then frowned. "Francesco! You'll spoil everything. Francesco, this week I'm free; I'll never be free again; if you won't treat me as a comrade you'll take away my freedom. Will you ruin it all, Francesco my brother?"

"No, no," gasped Francesco unhappily. "No, no—Nino." With a wrench of all that had been granted him as brain he rammed down the words of this amazing visitor into his gray matter; he clutched at the idea, grasped it. "I see," announced Francesco triumphantly with a smile of illumination. "I see what you mean—Nino. I'll treat you —you are Nino." He suddenly and violently slapped his own old blouse on pontifical shoulders—and fell back horror-struck. The skies did not fall.

"Quite right," nodded the sailor, shaking with laughter. "But don't look terrified.

That's bad. This week I *am* Nino. By order of the Holy Father. It's a sin against religion to believe me, this week, anything but Nino. There's a chance, you say, for an able sailor. Where?"

Francesco explained. He stretched an arm toward Capri. Over there. The ship of the English great lord 'Oldanese of name. Or something. Italian great lords on that ship. Francesco was working there as an extra man. Yesterday he had been given leave—twenty-four hours. The captain had told him to bring another extra man. He had not found one. If—if Nino wished— Nino did.

Before noon the new sailor, sponsored by Francesco, who had a good character, was hired for four days, till the boat sailed for Sicily, on the yacht *Sea-Lady*, owner Lord Holderness. The captain, watching him, considered that Francesco had brought the man he wanted; a silent man he was, gentle-mannered, elderly perhaps, but competent and quick and strong. For some reason he had

not worked at his calling lately, it was discovered, but he liked it; yes, he was glad to get back to the water. He made brass shine with a touch, and he was good, the captain discovered, with a paint-brush. Old, steady Francesco had found a satisfactory hand.

Two days later the new man was inside a yacht's boat, swung out from the deck, dabbing swiftly away, freshening the paint, while the young Marchese Pasquale di Favara sat far back in one of the willow chairs which, with the cool green awnings, made the after-deck a pleasant place on a hot afternoon. He and two other young Italian noblemen who were guests on the *Sea-Lady* had been talking low, excitedly, over their iced drinks.

"It's the only way," proclaimed the Marquis. "What else? We've been patient while Italian troops have gone to slaughter. We've endured this fool programme of colonization. And bank scandals. And rise in the price of bread. Why all this endurance? When a word —from me, say—to a Capo-Mafia——"

The Duke touched him on the arm and glanced where the sailor was working. The sailor, quiet, elderly, within ten feet, within easy ear-shot. The excited Marquis only shrugged.

"No danger," he cried. "Those brutes have their own sort of thoughts, goats and fried fish; they wouldn't follow ours. And if he should pay attention, likely he'd agree. Most people, as I have just told you, hate this minister, and would be glad——"

"Be careful for us, if not for yourself," interrupted the Duke swiftly. "Come along, Camposerra," he spoke to the lad with him. "Time for our swim. Di Favara says he won't swim to-day." Di Favara, tall, broad-shouldered, heavily built, with eyes of an intense blue burning like an azure flame in his dark face, was left watching the sailor, who painted. Like the captain di Favara decided, scrutinizing, that this was an uncommon sailor. There was the quality called personality about him. How did a man of

that class, an uneducated peasant, come by the wide brow, the firm mouth lines, the finished turn of aquiline nose, the set of the head on the neck? As he stared, the sailor turned the well-set head, and shot a straight, concentrated glance. It startled the Marquis. Who was it the man looked like, by the way? With that a vague sub-thought came to him of Italian noblemen who had before this left haughty family traits to unowned children of a forgotten contadina. That must be it. This man perhaps had the best blood of Italy—and the bar sinister.

"What's your name?" he tossed at the sailor.

"Nino, signore." Quite respectfully, yet with an odd assurance of dignity. "Nino, signore."

"It is good work, painting, Nino?" inquired the Marquis with his hands in his pockets.

The man smiled, a rather surprising smile. Whimsical, amused. Yet somehow as if grant-

ing a benediction. "All honest work is good," he spoke. "Particularly on the water, signore," he added gently.

The Marquis had hardly expected philosophical reflections. So this man really had a brain; his subtle air of consequence was not entirely a case of inheriting a fine bony nose and a thoroughbred angle between head and shoulders. It flashed to the impulsive young man's haphazard mind that here was a chance to try out not only his own power of stating his burning theories, but the reaction of the intelligent lower class to such theories. Moreover, propaganda. Such a man as this, if convinced, might likely influence a circle of followers.

"'All honest work is good,'" repeated the Marquis. "Maybe. But all those who do honest work are not necessarily happy. Can we at home be happy, for instance, when our fellow countrymen are being killed by savages?"

The sailor, slapping his brush efficiently

to this side and that, did not answer for a moment. Then he held the flat, white edge suspended a second; his dark eyes moved, swift and sure, to di Favara's biting blue ones. "Abrassa?"

"Surely Abrassa." Di Favara pulled at his twisting mouth. "Abrassa, where Cremone, our premier, is tossing Italians to death."

The sailor patted at the gunwale of the hanging boat with a steady brush; a clean, white surface crept after the light sounds. Once again the edge of the brush arrested. "It's not Cremone's policy," spoke the deliberate, quiet voice, a voice with a curious quality of agreeable roughness, quite pleasant, quite individual, di Favara noted. "Cremone objected from the first to colonization. He only yielded when the country was committed and the honor of the flag was compromised."

"Yielded! That's it. But he yielded," the Marquis threw back hotly. "And he has gone on yielding. He knew Italy was not rich

enough. He knew that the country to be annexed promised no great resources. He distrusted di Bruno and yet he sent him back to Abrassa to disaster. He had not the courage, the Premier, to oppose popular enthusiasm over di Bruno's small successes. He feared for his own popularity. He knew, and he let di Bruno go back."

The sailor did not lift his head as he painted. The line of fresh white ran after his hand down the boat's ribs. In a moment he answered. "You forget that Cremone sent Lunatella."

"Too late. You know what happened. Lunatella was only on the way—oh, my God!" groaned di Favara. "Sixteen thousand men against eighty thousand of the finest savage combatants in the world, in impregnable positions. Oh, my God!" di Favara moaned. "My brother was there."

The sailor, lowering his brush, bowed his head. "My son"— He halted. Then went on. "I am a much older man than you are,

signore," he spoke gently. "It is to me, if the signore will forgive the words from—from a person of low rank—as if a father's heart grieved for his son."

"*Grazie*," di Favara whispered. "Thank you, Nino." And went on grimly. "You see why I hate Cremone, who was put to guard Italy, whose cursed weakness and self-seeking sent Italians to death," said di Favara. He was silent, and began again in a firmer, a low voice, rapidly. "Perhaps you see, for it's plain that you're a man of brain,"—the words shot now like bullets—"why I mean to have Cremone killed."

The firm lips of the sailor drew tight; his eyes narrowed to a line of black brilliancy; across his suspended brush he stared to the long sunshiny stretch of water. While he stared, more words swept passionately from di Favara.

"I am Sicilian." The Marquis's deep voice was like a heavy humming of bees. "There's in Sicily an association—ah, very old—one

can trace it nearly a thousand years, which will help those who come to it for redress."

The sailor turned. "Mafia."

The Marquis nodded. "Yes. Mafia. Illegal, powerful, in a lost cause the only hope. A chief, a Capo-Mafia, keeps his word. My cousin, of the provincial council, is a Capo-Mafia. If he promises that this Premier's life shall end on a certain date—it will end."

The sailor's face set into a mask, lacking color, not lacking determination. "That," he stated, "is assassination."

Di Favara nodded again. "The word does not scare me. If you were an educated man, Nino," he went on, "you would remember from history that nearly all successful conspiracies are the work of secret associations. When a government fails—but what's the use!" He tossed aside argument. "This thing is going to happen. The Duke wants to wait; Camposerra says—but Camposerra is a baby, though a Sicilian. Yet everything depends—at present—on Camposerra, after all. He's

sister's child to Lord Holderness, and Holderness is to take him on the *Sea-Lady* to Venice to meet his mother. Yet, if the child begs to go first to Sicily, Holderness will surely take him there. In Sicily we can pick up trusty men whom my cousin will send, and they will, so, get to Rome without warning to Cremone."

Di Favara pulled himself up suddenly. Impetuous daredevil though he was, he realized that he had gone very far, that he had perhaps put more lives than his own in danger. His eyes glittered, two knives of steel in a face of copper. "Nino," he said, "if we should be betrayed there is no country, no house, to which a traitor could go where the Mafia would not find him and punish him, first with torture and then with death."

The sailor wiped white paint dripping slowly from his brush, on the inside of the can. He bent his grizzled head a little and smiled. To the Marquis's surprise there was

an unmistakable glint of laughter in the dark eyes, and the smile was again whimsical, amused, gentle. Was it possible that this Italian did not understand what the Mafia meant? The thought was swiftly answered.

"I understand perfectly what the Mafia is," the man spoke, "yet I believe I have a house where I would be safe from it. If my safety were important," he added casually.

"You talk nonsense," di Favara flung at him. "No house is safe from the Mafiusi, once the order's given. Not the King's palace."

"Possibly not the King's palace." Nino shrugged his shoulders. "Your threats do not frighten me, signore. What frightens me is that you are planning a mistake. It will be dangerous not only to you but to your cause."

Di Favara stared haughtily. What could the man know of causes? And the man's vibrant voice continued.

"There was an attempt to assassinate Cremone once before; it only increased and

demonstrated his popularity. His star is clouded just now, but the people will understand later and be just. The policy in Abrassa is not Cremone's policy. When he came to power he found himself saddled with the colony, with the war against Akanax. Few see the hand of France in this crisis, but it's there behind events. France made overtures and Cremone refused, trusted to lukewarm England. For that France has never forgiven him, and she instigated the hostilities in Abrassa. France and Russia pushed Akanax into war. There were victories at first, brilliant victories. The country went mad with pride. But di Bruno was not capable of sustained campaign, and Cremone knew it—and had not the courage to oppose the people's enthusiasm. *That*, if you want to put your finger on it, was Cremone's crime. I have no reason to love Cremone," the sailor ended suddenly.

"Then why"—di Favara shot out, and began over. "You've argued for him, but

proved nothing for him. You agree that his weakness is responsible for our disasters. And it is responsible for the bank troubles also—for the price of bread." Di Favara laughed grimly. "When a business goes wrong, the head is to blame. The country is rotten—who but Cremone the Premier should be held responsible? He is—*he is*—" The big young man shook as if with a chill. "And he shall die for it." He spit the words through his teeth. "That will teach public servants that Italy will be served. He shall die, and the way will be clear for better men."

The man in sailor's dress laid down his brush; he stepped over the side of the boat to the ship's deck, and a swinging step brought him close. He had the slightly rolling walk of a sailor as he came to face the Marquis. "Signore, I don't love the Premier. You are a Black. That's my party."

"Ah!" The young Marquis breathed it with satisfaction.

"But the more for that," continued the

sailor, "I will not have my side put in the wrong."

"You will not"— Di Favara was dazed. He had suddenly remembered that this man was a common sailor.

"I will *not*," the common sailor enunciated. "I will not have the Premier murdered."

Di Favara, staring, laughed. "You will not—!" and then, somehow, he condescended to argue. "Even men who hesitate as to shedding blood by private sanction might accept the murder of a wholesale murderer," argued di Favara.

"You've given me the words," the sailor caught him up. "Even a murderer is *not* to be killed by private sanction. The country which accepts such an execution is by so much an uncivilized country. The country which indorses it is a criminal country. If you should do this and succeed you would make of your country a criminal. Matricide would be the proper name for your success." There was silence for a moment. The throb-

bing, uneven voice spoke briefly. "I love Italy," spoke the voice.

Di Favara started indignantly. "I too," he threw back. "Do you dare doubt it?"

The sailor smiled thoughtfully. "'Daring' is not daring for me," he said, and the other wondered what he might mean. "I dare, without much courage needed, to tell you that you don't love Italy if you place her as a criminal before the world; if you teach her people that the way to govern them is with a knife; if you supersede the voice of the nation, which called unanimously for Cremone four years ago, by your individual judgment that Cremone should now be killed."

The face of the Marquis was gleaming, frowning, staring; amazed. "Who on earth are you?" he demanded suddenly. "You're no fisherman-sailor. *Who* are you?" He searched the man's face with blue, vivid eyes flashing over it, over it. "You're like some one well-known," he considered aloud. "Who is it?"

"Perhaps the Pope," the sailor suggested. It was safe enough to say; one could judge that the young man either had never seen the Pope, or had seen him casually.

"It *is* that; you *are* like the Holy Father," di Favara cried. "Astonishingly. I've been in England since this one was in the Vatican; I saw him once for a moment as the Cardinal Colonna. Five years ago. I'm to be presented next week. I don't know his manner, his voice. But his pictures—there's a hell of a likeness. Do they all tell you so?"

"Yes." It was better not to be concerned to stop this impression.

To di Favara's mind flashed his earlier thought of a great nobleman's unacknowledged kin; of common grandfathers or great-grandfathers maybe; of one member of a rude family harking back to brain and body of a polished ancestry. The Holy Father's grandfather had been, likely, as other men's grandfathers, as other princes of old houses. "I see," spoke di Favara.

"You do?" inquired the sailor, and there was that about him which made the young nobleman accept quite easily an unconscious air of equality, of mastery. "If you see—very well. I doubt it. In any case it is unimportant whether or not you see—my antecedents. What is important is that you should give me your word that this crime which you have planned shall not take place."

"Give you my word!"

"Exactly." The musically rough, incisive voice went on. "There are many reasons. This is one: The Cremone ministry will soon fall. It is inevitable. He's held, as you hold him, responsible for the Abrassan policy. I have,—I—believe that some in power have reasoned with him to abandon colonial plans, and above all to get released the Italian prisoners in Abrassa. Because he hasn't done that, he must fall. It will happen. Soon. It's the act of a fool to take God's affairs into one's own hands. Can't you give God a little time to work this thing out? Must you

think—you boy—that you can compute destiny and manhandle history? To play with Italy—Italy!" The voice throbbed with passion. "Wait, my son. Keep your hands clean of murder; keep your country's record cleaner for one crime undone. Wait, and pray for Italy. Save your hands to do righteous work for her. She needs them. God guide you, my son."

For a second the intense gaze wandered from the tall young nobleman and swept, the gaze of a visionary, over the rail and out where the bay reached to, and caressed, Naples. Then it came back, that gaze, a hammer of power, to di Favara's face.

"You know English well, Marchese. I heard you speak this morning with Lord Holderness. There are four lines of English verse which held me up, once, in heavy waters:

> "'The tumult and the shouting dies;
> The captains and the kings depart;
> Still stands Thine ancient sacrifice,
> An humble and a contrite heart.'

That's for you. An humble and a contrite heart. See that you have that, my son."

The big young figure stood facing the elderly man in sailor's clothes, holding his paint-brush. As if by compulsion the sleek head bent, bent. It seemed quite natural by now that this fisherman should address the Marchese di Favara as "my son."

"I have your promise?" The vibrating tones demanded it gently—insistently.

The Marchese, speaking in half sentences, answered, not looking up: "I don't know—who you are; I don't know—why you are on this boat. But I—know that you're—a great personality. I must do as you wish. You have —my promise."

That night Francesco, coming sheepishly to the captain, reported that his comrade Nino, the new sailor, had gone ashore not to return, and had asked him to make his humble apologies to the captain. Francesco was to take what wages were due. The captain swore at Francesco and fumed for the loss

of one of his best men. But Nino was gone. And next day, sooner than had been planned, the *Sea-Lady* sailed for Venice.

. . . . . .

Rome of a hot August morning; the young Marchese di Favara driving with his father, in his father's car, across the vast spaciousness, beaten to pulsing whiteness by the sun, of Saint Peter's Square; the two—the dark, proud, big, gray-headed father, and the dark, proud, big, black-headed son, as alike as two blooded greyhounds on one leash—alighting at the Bronze Gates, the Portone di Bronzo, where a Swiss guard with his halberd, in his rainbow costume, paced unendingly. Followed other guards, the Court of San Damaso, stairways of white marble; anterooms of subdued richness, of glowing brocades and splendid uniforms; all this was natural to the two Roman noblemen. At last the Throne Room. A hush, a suspense, drifting figures of billowing purple; then, to the kneeling company,

entering with grave simplicity, with entire dignity, a tall figure in white.

He came down the line, the Holy Father, his magnificent cross on his breast and the great green emerald of his ring glittering. As he reached the two di Favaras, kneeling side by side, he held the ring to the younger for his salutation. Suddenly the bent, shining head jerked back, and bold eyes, theatrically blue in the olive face, shot an upward glance like a blow. The Pope, moving on slowly, stopped short. In the awe-struck kneeling group there was a sense of something unusual, a wave of foreign atmosphere. Then the voice of His Holiness spoke a rapidly falling sentence or two. In English. Leisurely, clearly.

"My son, you know English; I give you, as a souvenir of me, English words, an English verse:

> "'The tumult and the shouting dies;
> The captains and the kings depart;
> Still stands Thine ancient sacrifice,
> An humble and a contrite heart.'

The man who keeps such a heart, and who keeps his promises, God loves." The brilliant, vanishing smile of the Holy Father shone suddenly. "And sometimes God sends him his heart's desire. A troublesome captain has to-day departed."

The white figure had passed.

"Now why," grumbled the elder Marchese, later, "should His Holiness pick you to talk to? What was he saying, Pasquale? I can't follow English. It sounded as if he were spouting verse."

"He was." The blue eyes gleamed. "He also mentioned that the ministry has fallen," added Pasquale.

"You're quite mad," growled di Favara the elder. "Now what——?"

The young Marquis was leaning forward, staring out of the car window. "Father, stop Beppo; stop the car; something's happened—do you hear what they're calling in the street? It's—the ministry *has* fallen."

After lunch, in the distances of the dark-

ened dining-room with its portraits of old di Favaras gazing down, when the liveried butler and footman had gone, the young Marquis told a story to his father whose immediate effect was to make that nobleman shout laughter.

"Pasquale! You mustn't whisper that tale to any one else!" He wiped a tear of laughter. "You were always a crazy lad, with your blue eyes and your imagination. If you tell this you'll get locked up."

"Am I likely to tell it?" Pasquale threw back. "But it's true. There's no shadow of doubt. You see—Cremone has fallen."

The elder di Favara chuckled again. "Pasquale! It's too hot a day! The Pope in fisherman's clothes, painting a yacht's boat! *Ecco*, Pasquale!"

The young man rose, dropped his cigarette into something silver. "It happened." He tossed out his arms. "My God, my father—you believe it—you have to. Why not say so? Why treat me like a child? Oh!" He

wheeled. "I'm going to sleep." With long strides he was off and slid, a big, light-moving figure, through the dim doorway, away.

Di Favara the elder stood a moment. "Certainly. I believe it. One reads history. One lives in Italy. Incredible things happen constantly. But"—he yawned mightily—"it's like some damned novel." The portraits looked down through the shadows on an empty room. The elder Marchese also had drifted away to his midday slumbers.

In the Vatican palace the head of almost three hundred and seventeen million Christians sat alone for a brief time in the great chair behind the great desk in his stately study. Since his late illness he was looking a new man. Every one spoke of it. Harassed lines were smoothed away; he was full of energy, brighter, younger. He sat, thinking over this and other things, in his study.

"Guidance from above. Not self-will. Pushed by a power stronger than I; sent

where a work waited, and I did the work and saved perhaps—Italy. I was sent. God gave me power over that boy, and for the rest—the long tides and the sunlight and the silences have filled me with—Heaven and earth!"

The bay of Naples, its lights and its shadows, its far-off Apennines, its fishermen's cottages, and Vesuvius standing over these rose up in a clear, sane brain.

"Heaven and earth! I never before realized that often it is the same."

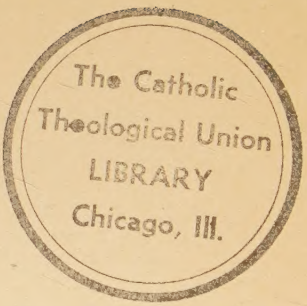
The thin, strong hand lay on the table before him. He stared at the stone glittering green, shifting its subtle lights on his finger.

"Fishers of men," he considered. "And I landed one," smiling swiftly, dreamily. A rapt look swept across the dark face. "Our help is in the name of the Lord who hath made Heaven and earth." He spoke it aloud. "Yes, and the waters that are above the earth—yes, and my dear Naples Bay. *Adjutorium nostrum in nomine Domini, Qui fecit*

coelum et terram," he brought out the Latin sonorously.

Then with a smile whimsically sweet, a smile of renunciation, a humility which sat exquisitely on his power, "Pontifex Maximus," he whispered, alone in the great study —"Pontifex Maximus!"

CATHOLIC THEOLOGICAL UNION
PZ3.A5684PO C001
PONTIFEX MAXIMUS NEW YORK
3 0311 00076 9500



PS 3501 .N569 P6 1936
Andrews, Mary Raymond
Shipman, d. 1936.
Pontifex Maximus ...

3 0311 00076 9500

C0-CCX-076